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Seed-Time.

*I looked at a star that faintly glowed
Above in the vast unknown,
And through my mind a thought there flowed:
A man is the fruit, the child hath sown.*

*In the morn of life the seeds are thrown
Before on his life-long way;
At the noon are the blossoms blown,
And they hold till the end of his day.*

*But when the shade of eve is cast,
And the locks of snow are on his brow;
The harvest time has come at last:
He reaps the grain or the cockle now.*

*And when the curtain hath slowly roll'd,
And his soul is mounting home;
"He died as he lived", by the wise we're told:
For a man is the fruit that the child hath sown.*

M. F. SHEA, '06.



The Age of the Short Story.

WHEN we consider the vast number of Short Stories ever current throughout the literary public, the high degree of excellence they generally maintain, their popularity with all classes of readers, and the preference in which they are held to all other literary productions, we conclude that Short Story writing, as an art, has indeed reached its age of supremacy. It is no doubt worthy of its unique position, embodying, as it does, most artistic principles, and appealing strongly to the heart and mind of man.

Aside from the fact of its present regency in literary domains, story telling is not the result of recent invention. It is a practice as old as human life itself, for in truth, we are accustomed to picture the child hearing his first tales at his father's or mother's knee ever since the time of Adam. At the fireside gatherings of the common people the Short Story has ever found favor. There it has grown, delighting young and old. Regrettable as it may be, it has its home there no longer. Whether people have become too enlightened and critical, or too prosaic and unimaginative, it is a fact that the Short Story has almost disappeared from the home. The grey-beards no longer find it a pastime, and to the restless youth it affords no amusement. With its passing a fountain of folk-lore, of poetry and romance has ceased to flow.

It is indeed a singular coincidence that, as readily as it had begun to vanish among the common folk, story telling has been taken up by the literary artist; and where people found nothing but pastime, he has seen an opportunity of displaying all the power of his genius. Cast away from its lowly fireside surroundings it has come to the writing desk, from whence it has passed into the glare of public opinion, found favor, and at present enjoys universal appreciation.

Poe was perhaps the first to enter upon this new form of composition, presenting to the world his matchless tales, which, though often imitated, have never been equaled. Many followed in his wake, and though some were successful in the writing of a good Short Story, still their efforts and abilities were not rewarded at the time, for the public until recently had failed to realize the excellent qualities contained in a production of the kind. America was the first to awaken to its importance, and afterwards France, and in these two countries especially it was and still is produced with wonderful success. In England, however, until very recently, the Short Story was shamefully discouraged. The novel had been the national cry, so much so that even the magazines contained nothing but continued stories. When, occasionally, the editor found an opportunity of printing a Short Story, it was termed "padding". Very valuable padding, indeed, for, in the majority of cases, the padding was a much finer work than the material chosen to make up the magazine proper; a fact which the people had failed to realize.

At the present day, however, the amount of Short Stories produced in these three countries alone is truly wonderful. Magazines containing nothing but Short Stories flood the markets, and nearly every other periodical printed has at least one or two. Nay, even books are printed consisting of nothing else but a collection of some of the very best Short Stories. 'Tis true, many of this great mass that find their way to public view are absolutely worthless; others are good but short-lived; but many more are marvels of literary skill, and some, of genius. It is these last two classes that insure the popularity of the Short Story with all kinds of readers. Generally replete with human interest, they are not necessarily sentimental—in truth, oftentimes contain no love plot at all; for, in the Short Story, love is not the only instrument available to secure the attention of the reader. But whether a trifle sentimental or not, the Short Story is accepted as a wholesome recreation from the monotonous routine of every day life.

In the better class of Short Stories, as they appear in the magazines, one finds much to admire. If not strikingly original they are at least very ingenious in conception and treatment, and display, besides all the resources of the literary art, a surprising knowledge of the world and of man's heart. "There is more psychology in this story", I have heard one exclaim, "than in many a book on the subject."

For the student of literature, the charms and qualities offered by a diligent perusal of the Short Story are many and various. Strong as they are in the human sentiments, humor and pathos, ingenious in conception, enriched with poetry and imagery, and adorned with all the graces of style, they offer a field for practice which is indeed limitless, for it is as wide as the range of human interest. Here may be acquired such valuable trophies as nimbleness of fancy, subtlety of thought, power and grace and vividness of expression, dramatic instinct and insight into character. Of course, the acquisitions are not made at one assault; a regular siege is very often necessary. But this should not discourage anyone, for, although the story teller is born, still they may be made, even if not to perfection. At all events, the student should not be deterred from becoming proficient in the art of suppressing tedious and irrelevant detail, which is learned so well in the Short Story, for compression is one of its primary laws. But above all, by the practice of Short Story writing will he come to understand the value of unity, which, while it is necessary to all others forms of composition, is here absolutely essential. The habit of giving prominence to the unity of a theme, once acquired, will characterize all his literary efforts, and he is already in no little degree successful.

The theme of the Short Story is invariably based upon one or the other fundamental emotions. Frequently virtue and nobility of sentiment and strength of character are lauded and encouraged, and just as often we find vice and every form of human weakness reproved. These moral aims are impressed upon the mind of the reader as no other

form of composition can impress them, for in no other form is unity of impression so prominent. The fact that the Short Story must be capable of being perused at one sitting makes its unity most impressive, for then it is preserved whole and entire, not being lessened by the intervention of distracting events.

Having seen, then, that the Short Story is beneficial to the reader both intellectually and morally, we conclude that it is to our advantage that we are in the age of the Short Story. The student wishing to take steps in that line is not in want of models, as every month brings him a number of excellent Short Stories. Also in the class room he may receive any assistance needed, for the Short Story has found its way even there. Such excellent opportunities, surely, are not to be totally disregarded; and even though we, perhaps, may not reach the perfection of a Poe, Hawthorne, or Kipling, we should not be deterred from trying our skill and literary craftsmanship in this most pleasing of all forms of composition.

JOHN A. O'DONNELL, '07.

Right.

AS the dark robe of night with its great plushy folds
Gently is thrown o'er the Angel of light,
So the forerunning shadow of an engulfing vice
Gradually darkens the young spotless soul.

F. KOPER, '09.

Uncrowned Heroes.

(Prize Oration of the Oratory Contest, March 19.)

IT is in Rome! The Italian sun is blazing down in all its splendor. Along the way of triumph the Roman crowds are surging to and fro in impatient eagerness. From every balcony, window and roof, all eyes are strained and riveted to a swaying speck in the distance. Everything is in festal array. The speck grows larger and larger, and louder and louder rises the clamor of the crowd. Suddenly the cry arises: He comes! He comes! and it is taken up along the line. Then just as sudden all is hushed. In heavy silence the grand cavalcade passes. Listen! it comes in awed whispers, “ ’Tis he”, “ ’Tis he!” There in his chair of triumph, that proud conqueror, that crowned hero, sits in magnificent luxury. His laureled brow gazes exultingly over the eager multitude. He passes on, and a wild wave of applause ascends to the skies.

Did ever such a pageant accompany the simple nun on her deed of mercy, or the tired laborer from his toil? No!

Glance back through the ages. How many have strode this way of triumph? Few they are to the millions of greater heroes and truer heroines who never heard that wild applause, who never felt the blood rush in a wild throb of exultation through their frame. How many knew no other arch of triumph than the blue dome of the heavens or the threshold of their simple homes. How many died a hero's death, unknown, unsung and uncrowned. Should we disturb the veil that shrouds those simple hearts that beat to higher and grander notes than king or emperor? Should we draw that holy veil aside to gaze upon the deeds of noble but

humble souls. Yes, let us scan the even tenor of their lives, humble, but grand in their humility. Let us place them as examples before those whose cry it is that the chivalric, the martyr, the heroic age, is passed. Ah! if those hidden flames had been uncovered, if the breath of encouragement had nourished them, how many a brighter blaze might have burned, brighter than ever blazed across the pathway of the nation's onward march. True, they were hidden, but they burned by far the brighter that they did lie hidden.

It will contain much inspiration to ask, What is a hero? Every voice is raised in animated description of his ideal—of his hero. He is one whose deeds are written on the sunlit heavens, where every eye can gaze on them in admiration. He is a flaring beacon leading all to imitate his mighty courage and to honor his glorious name. Yes, he is all that; but if we were to describe him thus, then the millions of duty's martyrs of all time have lived and toiled in vain. They *were* heroes! For a true hero is a living fountain of manhood and simple nobleness. It is not the loud-mouthed bravado who, wild with the noise of battle, steps up to the cannon's mouth. It is not the gladiator, who like a wild beast tears his fellowman to pieces before applauding thousands. No! They are not heroes. To be a hero is something grand, sublime. Heroism is everything that is great or good and lives not for itself alone but for others also. What a Savonarola did before the applauding eyes of thousands, many a simple parish-priest has done, and is doing, in his obscure village.

Still another example, whose deeds no poet has sung. Glance into the hospital. There that black-robed figure paces up and down through the long dreary night between beds of disease, alone and un comforted. Her only companions are her rosary and the groans of suffering. Whispering words of cheer and giving help, she fears no ulcered breast, no putrid sore. Ah! if there are some who will not call that heroism they are unworthy to be called men—unworthy of the attribute of humanity.

Life is a battle, and we are its soldiers. It is those who act the heroic in high places who get the prize, while he who plods along, fighting at every step, a martyr to duty, is forgotten. The hero of duty does not fight on fields of blood, but in the more perilous strifes of suffering and self-sacrifice, and higher still, self-control. For, what is it to win battles if the passions know no check. Yes, many a hard-fought battle has raged in the purest of breasts; but the world knew it not. The outcome was too holy and too important for the unthinking world.

Carlyle has said; "The history of the world is the biography of great men". But he should have said, "The history of the world is the unwritten annals of the poor." And many like him have thus missed the truth. They never looked to the hovel of the slave; they never gazed upon the sailor swaying in mid-air in the biting storm while they lay asleep on their comfortable couch; they never knew how to prize the pearls of sweat from the brow of honored labor; they never felt the love of a mother watching through the darkest nights at the cradle of her child. Ah! gaze long on her. Her eyes are heavy with drowsiness, she can hardly steady her tired frame. But love still conquers! And the innocent babe in her arms will never know what she suffered through these toilsome anxious nights. She plods on doing everything for his sake, till her boy arrives at manhood. Then, O God! what a thought—to be paid perhaps with ingratitude! Ah! the word "hero" is not grand enough for her.

Further, forever forgotten and uncrowned are those brave and honest men who go and who have gone unflinchingly to their daily drudgery, go and have gone to tasks disagreeable and dangerous. Let *us* at least give them their due. Honor those men who toil half naked before the fearful heat of the glass furnaces; honor the miner who dares the mighty caverns of the earth that we may live in luxury and comfort; honor the life-saver who struggles against the raging sea at the risk of his own life for the lives of others; honor the engineer whose hand is on the throttle

and who peers out into the distance which melts before the speeding train. Crown them all in our hearts. Their lot is to labor in obscurity, and fame will never emblazon their names. Honor still others whose lot is perhaps not as stern but who ever merit the note of praise. For instance, glance into our mail trains. Look at the tireless clerks assorting letters, while they sway and rock with the speeding train. Their every nerve is strained day and night. No letter must be misplaced; no package must be lost, lest some heart be broken, some life be ruined.

They are all, all led by love, by honor and by character. Yes, character! With that word we paint the hero in his truest colors. Though despised and hated the man of character is capable of none but heroic deeds. Look, as he stands up for right and truth, not amid joyous plaudits but answered with hisses and gibes. That is courage—not the courage whose laurels are steeped in blood—but the courage of a saint! Ah! Saint! Yes, to you, O noble Catholic missionaries we give that title, to you who died in foreign lands unhonored and alone. But you have been crowned with an everlasting crown, crowned not by men but by angels.

In a grand orchestra it is the soloist, whose notes float proudly above the rest, who receives the applause. The humble instrument whose strings respond to a simpler touch, without whose harmony the rolling wave of melody would carry no power, he is forgotten. And that orchestra is the *living world*. Forgotten are the humble “hands the rod of empire might have swayed”. Forgotten the humble heart perhaps “once pregnant with celestial fire”; forgotten the humble soul that might have “waked to ecstasy the living lyre.”

No medals glitter on their breasts, no flag of honor waves over them. They toil on unappreciated and alone, and when they fall, no nation's flowers, no nation's tears honor their graves. Alone they strive and alone they die. Gray has given them the fittest tribute:

‘Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.’

They have lived unknown, but not unprofitably. Their names are inscribed, not in marble or document of state, but in the scroll that is kept in heaven.

VICTOR W. Meagher, '06.



The Violet.

BESIDE the way, at morn I chanced to see,
As in the pleasant sunshine there it lay,
A violet, upon whose mangled cheek
The dew a glittering tear-drop there had placed;
With head bent low in silent modesty,
Its silence, what had happened, seemed to tell,
As freshened by the breeze it dried its tears.

Last evening's sunbeams kissed its cheeks of blue,
And night came creeping on—when, lo! just as
The stars like gems, the deep blue sky had filled,
With careless step a grave astronomer
Chanced by that way; and looking up to catch
The first faint glimmer of a distant star,
He crushed beneath his tread a wondrous gem.

D. L. FAUROT, '08.'

The "Flower of Courtesy."

O WHERE so'er the weary pilgrim goes,
In torrid heat or 'mid the arctic snows,
Rare flowers ever linger by the way
The odor of their beauty to display;
But there is one whose wealth is modesty,
The sweet-breathed gentle Flower of Courtesy.

The air about a pleasant odor holds
Where this fair flower its velvet bud unfolds,
From mountain hights it sheds its breath around,
And cheers the rugged country and the town.
It fills the traveler's heart with hope anew
And lights the cells of prison with its hue.

Beneath the genial rays it blossoms forth,
In palace yard or near the lowly hearth;
Its tiny rootlets pierce the ready soil,
Belov'd alike by kings and slaves of toil;
Its beauty never fades by night or day,
In loud festoons or hidden by the way.

But where the haughty brambles creep and coil
And spread their bitter roots into the soil;
Or where the cold bleak shadows chill the mold
And pale and drooping plants their vigils hold,
This lovely flower shrinks in bud and leaf,
And even in its death-sighs finds relief.

But wherefore art thou spurned, thou pretty flower,
And forced in distant climes to seek thy bower?
O turn not from our path thy lovely face,
But in our every action find thy place;
And when our brows are crowned with garlands fair,
Crown thou the crown, and show thy beauty there!

LEO FAUROT, '08.

The Alamo.

OUR country is not rich in ruins or spots of historic interest; neither does the mantle of legend and adventure hang so heavily over places as in Europe. Still, we are not without the monuments of our nation's history. Every section of our land,—from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, breathe forth their gratitude to the early missionaries, and give proof of their skill and labors by some monument or mission, on the barren plain or in the delightful valley. Many are the places still haunted by the spirits of brave frontiersmen, and the memory of their deeds and sufferings lingers in the regions and lives in the hearts of the people.

It is the pride of Texas to possess such a spot, hollowed by years, stamped with the blood of heroes, and telling a story of peace and woe in the utterance of the one name—Old Mission Alamo.

Of all the memorials left us by the Spanish Pioneers, the doom of none has been so precipitate, so complete, and so sad as that of the Alamo. Her sister Missions have quietly sunk into their graves. Nature has embalmed their venerable remains in the mossy fragrance of time, and has glorified their old age with a picturesque selection of her tropical plants on gable and thatch. But no such glories, no peace, for Mission Alamo. Carried off in the flower of her age, she was struck as by a bolt from heaven and stands a scarred monument, as the tree that is shivered by lightning.

This silent Historian of the Southwest can tell of scenes

similar to the dismal gloom which canopied the retreat of Napoleon's motley thousands, and of carnage equal to that of the Bastile.

It marks the first great struggle between the Mexican and the settler for domination in that section. From its early foundation in 1744, the Alamo served as a Mission church, a trading-post and as a common defense in case of an attack. Although the city of San Antonio de Valero was laid out many years before the erection of the Alamo, nevertheless, with the rise of this memorable structure, the site of the city was somewhat shifted, and from that time on branched out into its several directions from the Alamo as a center.

Unlike the other Missions, the Alamo departed somewhat from the old Spanish style of architecture adopted for mission churches, and assumed more the appearance of a monastery. It was void of belfries and turrets and stripped of all ornament, save the facade, which rose above the roof with a slightly projecting door-way, finished off with niches on either side. These were surmounted by a slab of dressed stone with some motto or favorite aspiration to Nuestra Senora roughly hewn into it. Windows were small and few in number. A wall closed in the front, with a series of little cells attached to its sides. Here the Franciscan told his beads and consoled those in distress. Within the Alamo the naked earth received the impresses of the little congregation at prayer and the sandaled foot-prints of the monks. Under its maternal roof, widows, orphans, and the wretched of all conditions found contentment, shelter, and protection from the lurking Mexican in the brushwood which thickly surrounded the Alamo on every side. Here the toiling settler ate his little meal of *tortillas* and *frijoles*, and slaked his thirst from the aquaduct which supplied the Alamo with water from the neighboring river.

Such was the Alamo in the era of peace. But as time rolled on and the Franciscans were instructed to carry the salutary words of the gospel farther west, it lost in its significance as a church; and was given over alternately to

public and private use, until the beginning of the war for Texan independence.

Then it was that the Alamo was to be the scene of one of the most tragic and most heroic incidents in history. The unfortunate settlers, like the exiled Acadians, were heart-broken and bewildered. They knew not whither to flee, they had no other home, surroundings were hostile to them; fiendish yells amid the ruddy glow of distant bonfires disturbed the tranquillity of night, broke upon their much needed sleep and aroused them to new fears. They saw their impending ruin, and out of gratitude, consented to share the fate of the hospitable walls that had sheltered them so long.

When Mexico observed the restlessness with which the province bore her yoke, she determined to bring it to terms. Her first scheme was to rush an army 6,000 strong under Gen. Santa Anna to San Antonio, and with one stroke to prostrate the insurgents. Meanwhile a band of valiant Texans shut themselves within the Alamo, hoping to withstand the onslaughts of the enemy till reenforcements should arrive. But communications failed, and on the night of March the 6, 1836, the siege began and continued till the first bright beams of day were blurred by the dense volleys of smoke which encircled the ill-fated fortress. No more the sound of matins nor the lingering wave of vesper hymn resounded along those stones, but the dismal boom of cannon mingled with the shouts of the combatants cause the consecrated enclosure to rend and tatter. Gen. Travis, the Texan Leonidas, defended his position bravely, but was finally shot away by a cannon ball. Then fell the undaunted heroes like the Spartans of old. Some at the door-way, where the monk in lowly garb had admitted the weary traveller, but which now rang with the heavy tread of infuriated soldiery. Others at the windows which served as loopholes for the cannons. The room to the right of the doorway re-echoed the last groans of Bowie; whilst David Crockett staggered and fell against the casement. Those dark forms of the Mexican hordes seemed to be in their

truest element when day had folded its wings and night reigned supreme. They scaled the walls like tigers. Some climbed into the niches to gain a more accurate range. Where once a shrine had stood, lay heaps of the slain, which were ordered to be burned by the Mexican officials in celebration of the victory.

Gen. Samuel Houston is said to have remarked while waiting for the final issue, that if he heard the distant booming of the cannon he knew his men were still offering a stern resistance; if not, that the Alamo had fallen. And so it happened. The muffled roar, the messenger of defeat, gradually ceased; and the heroes were silent in death. Of the hundred and forty-four not one escaped to tell the tale, or, as a veteran of the great calamity, to sit in later years under the shady oak and delight a younger generation with reminiscences of the disaster.

Before the state capitol at Austin stands a monument which bears this inscription—

Thermopylae had its Messenger of Defeat;
The Alamo had None.

On entering this common mausoleum of Texan braves, a feeling of fear seizes the individual, intensified by the charnel silence and grave like chill pervading the apartment. Crimson stains are still visible on the walls and in the rooms on either side of the entrance. While listening to what horrors the very stones would prate of, one recalls that memorable night when darkness wrapped the scene in thickest folds to hide such tragic proceedings.

Partly hidden among business houses, with a cluster of primeval pecans solemn and grand in the rear, stands the Alamo, not as some legendary castle along the Rhine picturesque in its antique grandeur, but plain and unattractive, its gaunt and barren mass repeating anon the doleful tale. When the din of traffic is hushed, the tri-colored Texan banner flutters over the gray walls to unfurl to the breeze the patriotism of its dead.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS. '07.

The Solitary Oak.

HERE it rises bare and gray
In the morning's gloaming light;
While around its knotted boughs
The notes of ages ling'ring play,
Whispering low of time's unsparing might.

Scion of a mighty race,
Scarred by many a thund'ring blast,
Tell us of thy happy youth
In thy days of sturdy grace;
Tell us of thy buried, buried past!

Tree of iron, once glorious clad
With thy wealth of fluttering green;
Monarch of the tangled wood!
Now rising lonely, sere and sad,
Where the bees their clover-honey glean.

O'er the fields a glorious flood
Of golden flame and scent of morn
Lingers round thy naked boughs,
But wakens not the tender bud
That every spring from age to age was born.

The birds with blithest lays of spring
Lure them forth at each refrain,
To flutter in the morning breeze;
Alas, the fields with music ring,
And fragrance fresh they breathe—but all in vain.

No more within thy leafy bowers
Will nestle snug a dainty home;
No throat from thence will thrill our souls:
But lone and bare thy greatness towers
To where the idle cloudlets ever roam.

V. W. Meagher, '06.

“Swipes”.

“YES, I struck a dirty, ragged newsboy this morning,” said an athletic young man, perhaps the youngest one in the crowd of men who stood in the lobby of a fashionable hotel in one of our large cities.

“The boy ran along at my side, trying to sell me his New Years Greeting, and——”

“You bought it, of course,” interrupted his listeners.

“No, for the street was crowded; besides, I always purchase my papers here at the news-stand.”

The hearers of this incident kept their opinions to themselves, and the conversation drifted into other channels.

Norbert Conway, known in the news circles as “Swipes”, was the newsboy that was struck by the fashionably dressed man. The lad bore the insult with a few choice expressions of disdain for the man that would raise a cane to a poor “newsie”.

Swipes was so called by his associates in the profession in remembrance of his one bad act of stealing bananas from the Italian at the corner of the news alley, at which act he had been caught and duly whipped. The lad was fifteen years old, rather tall for his age, the possessor of red curly hair, blue eyes, a soiled freckled face, upon which a short turned-up nose stood out prominently, marring the beauty of his otherwise expressive features. Long arms hung from the short sleeves of his tattered coat, and his long slim legs were seen by the shortness of the trousers, which fell several inches above his shoe tops.

Swipes was an orphan. His father and mother had died a year before this incident, following each other within a few months and leaving the lad to win his own bread with

not even a roof to shelter him. He had sold papers before his parents died, and he still made his living by the same means. His present home was a box-car long out of use, which stood in the train yards, and this he shared with another newsie similarly circumstanced.

A month had elapsed since the incident in which Swipes figured, and the boy had forgotten it in his hard struggle for bread.

One morning, about 4:30 o'clock, as the snow was silently covering the pavements of the streets, Swipes with half-closed eyes jumped from his hard bed in the end of the box-car, already dressed, and started for the news alley many blocks away, as he wished to be the first on the streets with the morning papers.

His limbs trembled in the cold morning air as he quickened his pace and took the shortest way, going through alleys and bystreets. He had completed about half his journey and was entering an alley walled in by buildings, and was about to pass several boxes standing upon one another a few yards from the main street, when he perceived behind them the prostrate form of a man.

"What's dis", said Swipes as he looked at the snow-covered body of the young man wrapped in a costly overcoat, which concealed the fashionable clothes he wore.

"What's youse doing here", said the boy, but he knew without having his question answered, for the smell of liquor and the bottle in his pocket told him the nature of the trouble.

"Well, youse is a nice looking guy, and has got swell togs on, and a mighty good load of peaches, too; and if youse lay der much longer, youse will certainly see de happy huntin' grounds."

The intoxicated man heard not his words, for he was in deep sleep, and his blood was freezing in his veins.

"I'll call de cops", said Swipes half aloud. "No, I wont neither, for de guy might not want to be pinched. I wonder who he is!"

The boy at once went through the man's pockets and

found only a small card upon which was written "The Columbia Club."

"Whee! I wonder if he hangs out der, and if he do, I'm sure he would'nt want to be pinched and disgrace de club and perhaps his folks."

Then like a flash there came back to his mind the incident of the beating he had received before the entrance of that palatial building, and a look into the face of the prostrate man told him that it was his brutal assailant that lay before him.

"Ise ought to pay it back to youse, but—Ise wont. A poor newsie wid ragged togs has a feelin' which some people wid fine ones hasn't got", said Swipes, as he gazed into the pale face.

"Ise next", and away went Swipes out of the alley and up this street and down that, until he stood aside of a lighted cab in front of the depot.

"Now, Mickey, me friend, Ise got a job for youse, but Ise can't guarantee youse any pay, but I knows youse got a kind heart and youse will help me keep a feller from freezin' and gettin' pinched."

Tears came to the lad's eyes as he spoke to his friend, the cabman, for he thought of his dead father and of the many times he had seen him intoxicated, and the times he had been behind the bars. If only some one had given his father a helping hand, he might be living to-day.

"Pile on, Swipes", said Mickey, "and me and youse will fix de guy up all O. K.", and as he spoke he touched the horses with the whip, and away they went in the direction of the alley, Swipes meanwhile telling Mickey of his plan of rescue.

The helpless man was lying in the same condition when they reached the alley, and it was but a thort time until Swipes and Mickey had him in the cab.

"Now, hike as fast as yer can, Mickey, to de club, for de gent is about all in", shouted Swipes as he slammed the cab door behind him.

Over rough and smooth streets the cab went, until it

drew up to the curb in front of the "Columbia".

It was now six o'clock, and people were hurrying hither and thither bent upon their daily tasks.

The newsboy stepped from the cab and was about to ascend the broad stone steps of the club, when a gentleman with an elastic step opened the huge doors and stood for a second upon the top step. He was tall, broad shouldered, and well dressed, with a kindly face. The hair at his temples was tinged with gray, and one could see that he was approaching the evening of life.

There had been a merry all-night gathering at the club, which he had attended, to celebrate the departure of some member for Europe.

"Say, do youse know where dis guy lives dats in de cab der, and who's got a package too heavy for him to carry? Ise found dis card in de gent's pocket, and I think he hangs out at dis joint", said Swipes, as the man descended the steps.

Thinking it was a fellow clubman he walked to the cab that he might identify him and give the desired information. Swipes opened the cab door, and as the old gentleman glanced in he exclaimed, "My God, it is my son! Go to 138 Park Row, and be quick about it", said he to Mickey, who sat on his box like a statue.

The old man questioned Swipes, when they were seated in the cab, and the newsie told him how he had happened to find his son.

Their destination was reached after fifteen minutes' ride, and as the father and the cabman carried the helpless and wayward son up the steps, Swipes read the name upon the door, "Neil Thompson". He had read that name many times in the papers that he had sold, and knew it stood for something in life.

They entered the mansion, and the young man was at once placed in bed by them, for Mrs. Thompson had gone to church, much to the relief of the father.

"Come in, boy", said Mr. Thompson to Swipes who had remained at the door. "Now, sit down, and tell me all a-

bout yourself'', and Swipes did so, omitting, however, the fact of the previous encounter with his son. When the boy finished his pitiful story the old gentleman said, ''Now, Norbert, what would you like to have, for you have saved my wife and me from disgrace and have saved my boy's life, and have kept the thorns of sorrow from a loving mother's heart. Don't be afraid to ask for anything you wish, for you shall have what you ask no matter what it costs.''

''Mister, Ise don't want nothing, but Ise would like to run the newsstand at the ''Columbia'', and dat youse would give me friend, Mickey Flynn, a job driving yer cab.''

''You shall have that and more; and now meet me at the club to-morrow morning.''

Swipes hurried down the steps, and when upon the box with his friend told him of their good fortune and said: ''Do youse know, Mickey, dat young gent was de guy dat soaked me wid his cane about a month ago, and Ise had half a notion to have him pinched or to let him lay der and die in de alley, but Ise didn't have de heart, for Ise thought of me dead fadder, and how me mudder felt when one of his friends brought him home off de streets, and so we did de best we could for him, didn't we, Mickey?'' and his friend nodded yes, as they left the mansion behind them in the haze of the cold morning.

Swipes now has charge of the news-stand at the Columbia Club, and is happy and prosperous, and Mickey Flynn drives Mr. Thompson's cab.

Norbert Conway, as he is known at the club, possesses as his best friend and customer Neil Thompson Jr., the young man he found in the alley.

JOSEPH M. BRYAN, '07-

Messengers of Spring.

I COME but to bring in a vesture of green,
When the birds are all merrily singing,
Sunshine and showers and bees and flowers,
And awaken the breezes that blow.

I glow the hard frost into streamlets so soft
That he weeps for his own dissolution;
The grim black crow in the folds of the snow
Takes flight to bleak desolation.

Flowerets and buds peep out from their hoods,
To see the bright heavens returning,
To sip pearly dew and put on anew
Their tresses of iris hues beaming.

The twang of the frogs from reeds in the bogs
Accords with the cricket's shrill chirping;
To call from her dream all nature terrene
And to greet virgin Spring in the waking.

A flock of blue-jays pipe away at their lays,
And on tree tops rings out their ovation;
They hail the young queen in her mantle of green,
With throats filled with proud jubilation.

ISIDORE W. COLLINS, '07.

Robert Morris.

(Spoken at the Oratory Contest, March 19.)

THE heroes of army and navy, especially those that were instrumental in the founding of a state have always attracted our admiration and esteem; we love to hear of the fidelity and perseverance by which they overcame difficulties of the most obdurate type. This honor is most praiseworthy, for a nation which honors its forebearers is a strong nation. But while we honor them we must not forget those by whose prudence and energy the *financial* ship of state was piloted through the threatening shoals of bankruptcy, for in the days of our Revolution, as in our own nothing could be done without money. During that troublesome period there is one who merits our praise; who, when the clouds of failure and discontent loomed huge upon the young republic's sky, assumed the duties of financier and by his prudence and energy saved her from ruin. That man was Robert Morris. The musket and sabre were not for him; his was the worry and responsibility of providing the funds needed for carrying on the stern business of war and administration.

The career of Robert Morris, with the lone exception of that of Washington, is in many respects the most remarkable and interesting in our revolutionary history. Born in England, he early emigrated to the American shore and by his energy and ability amassed the largest individual fortune of the time and with this wealth came influence and power. And when England attempted to coerce the colonies into taxation without representation Morris protested the right of the King; but although a member of congress, he did not favor armed resistance. What had he to gain by a separation between the crown and the colonies. Had he

not wealth and power? Would they not be lost in a Revolution? When the day for the signing of the Declaration of Independence arrived and all were carried away by the enthusiasm of the hour, Morris did not affix his signature to that document, which made us free, which made us a nation, because he thought the time for separation to be immature. Within a month however, seeing the earnestness of the people he changed his opinion, and added his name to the immortal document. This was an important step, and though beneficial to his country was detrimental to himself.

The new congress chose Morris as a member of the finance committee, and how well he discharged the duties may be surmised from the fact that though the continental currency had greatly depreciated in value, he was able to obtain specie from France and Holland and by giving his credit on government notes to procure supplies and munitions of war and pay the cost of administration. How the newly launched state had to suffer! In a few years her army had dwindled to a few thousand, her soldiers without food and shelter were deserting, her most important ports were in the hands of her enemies, yea, even her congress had been forced to flee from Philadelphia. Everywhere was gloom. Was it to be wondered at that the spirits drooped lower and lower? Washington, seeing those poor, suffering soldiers endure all the hardships of that dreadful campaign of the winter of 1777, prayed to God for aid in his country's great need. His only hope was in a decisive engagement, but no money was at hand. In his extreme he appealed to Morris and that whole-souled patriot advanced the funds; and Washington as he recrossed the Delaware knew that he and his country were saved through the cooperation of Morris. And, remember, there was not much hope when he gave that money that he would receive it again. Few at that time believed we would win. All thought we were lost. All honor ought therefore be given to Morris for his generous act. The battle of Trenton, Burgoyne's invasion, and Cornwallis' Surrender were the important events of the war, and the success of the first and last were for a

great part due to his supplying the necessary funds. It is said that Morris gave his credit for over three quarter million dollars, a very great sum in those days, to aid Washington in bringing the campaign to a successful issue.

Although Morris served in various committees, he was not appointed Financier until 1781, when congress recognized the fact that an individual could direct the finances better than a committee. Morris accepted only when congress agreed not to hamper him with red tape and dictation. His plan was direct taxation, retrenchment and loans from France and Holland. He succeeded in his plan, brought order out of chaos, and piloted the credit of the country to a firm basis. He was also among the first who advocated a confederation of the states, for then only could the affairs be directed in a proper manner. The popular stories of his great generosity are unfounded, though he undoubtedly gave small sums at various times. It would have been foolish for him to give large amounts while the final outcome was in doubt, and the United States was not on a firm basis.

When the turmoil and strife of war had yielded to the pursuits of peace, Morris retired to private life. The young republic had begun to grow, her flag floated beneath a cloudless sky, ships laden with the products of her fertile fields and her mechanical genius passed from her harbors and sought the markets of the world. Everywhere was prosperity. But in the midst of his country's prosperity the star of Morris waned. He who had so materially aided his countrymen's emancipation, through imprudent land speculation became a pauper. His fall may be traced to his ambition. While in office he had become accustomed to transactions of magnitude, and now in private life he became careless of his own fortune; it dwindled, until finally his creditors like rapacious wolves robbed him of all, and according to the law of the time forced him behind the prison bars. What a change from a statesman to a prisoner, from the richest man to a pauper! He who in his country's peril had guided her through the financial storms, and when those storms raged more fiercely, had stayed them by his

credit and money, was now despised and imprisoned for debt. What must have been his feelings when he looked through those bars and saw the ice and snow change gradually into sweet spring with its beautiful flowers and perfumed breezes; and how he must have compared those suffering years when grim-visaged war held sway to the years of peace and prosperity which succeeded, and his own halcyon days to his present miserable condition. He did not despair but thought of means to pay his liabilities. When he stepped forth a free man he found he was penniless. He always regretted his actions by which loss came to anyone, and also his inability of discharging his debt; yet he never believed himself culpable of robbing the people, attributing his bankruptcy to Mr. Greenleaf and to the failure of a London House. There were some who while he was in prison did not forget his friendship and his services to his country. Among them was Washington, who visited him, remembering the aid Morris had given him in his own desperate time.

Morris lived for five years after his liberation. His body now rests in a brick vault to the rear of Christ Church, Philadelphia. Thousands wend their way near it, with never a thought of him whose dust lies within the tomb; of him who had saved the country from financial ruin and who was ever a patriot. Only a marble slab tells the inquirer that Morris was financier of the United States during the Revolution. What neglect of the man who had served his country so long and so well.

Granting that Morris possessed faults, and may have been ambitious and desirous of wealth and influence, we must not forget his public services. They were marked by great integrity and honor. Did he not when failure threaten the young republic give her the benefit of his experience and even his credit and money? Surely the remembrance of this should dispel whatever censure might be brought against him. Is it becoming that we pass judgment upon a man who is our benefactor? Do we expose the faults and weaknesses of him who has befriended us, who has given

us shelter, who has fed us when we were starving.? Do we set about impugning his motives and his character? Do we not rather cover whatever faults he may have with the mantle of charity, thinking only of his virtues, his generosity, and his high deeds? Let us then give him his due honor, remembering his public service and his integrity and generosity. Let us remember his patriotism, and may it serve as an inspiration for us. Let us honor Morris, the financier, the statesman, and the patriot.

MICHAEL F. SHEA, '06.



Fooled Again.

A YOUNG carp in a net was caught,
But made his exit sly;
Said to himself "Who would have thought
That net was there? Not I."

"But he who catches me again,
Will sharply have to look."
So saying with a sudden dash
He snatched a baited hook.

P. Graf, '08.

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Editorials.

FOR the last few months it has been the custom of the Seniors to hold disputations on various ethical points. It is a practice productive of much good, and the Seniors can not thank their Reverend teacher enough for inaugurating it. Free Will and the Happiness of Man are the subjects so far discussed.

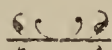


THE RECENT ORATORICAL CONTEST revealed a fact that must be a pleasure to those to whom the care of moulding our character is confided. Each speaker secured the undivided attention of the audience, and the applause seemed to increase in volume as the contest proceeded, thus showing that the audience was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of

the contestants. Even the younger students seemed to enjoy the speaking, and at the end of the program several expressed themselves as eager to hear more.



AS IF WAFTED from another age and another clime seem to us the ceremonies of Holy Week. In the music, for instance, we recognize something which is entirely lacking in the music of to-day, and even in the music of a few centuries ago. No one has succeeded in expressing the lamentation of the Church so well as did those early composers, and at the same time, no one has succeeded in writing with so much dramatic power, as it were. In the Passion the semi-mournful notes of the Evangelist and the extremely sad tones of the Master rapidly carry us back to the scenes of that awful day, while the third voice and the choir place before our eyes the very rabble which cried "Crucify Him". Then the ceremonies! What modern rite can compare with them either in solemnity or grandeur? It requires no very great effort of the imagination to see in the fast disappearing lights at Tenebrae the herald of the approaching dawn, and to picture to yourself the sides of the silent catacombs with their earthy odor. Everything, in fact, seems to bear evidence of having been planned by those who witnessed the great events which the ceremonies portray. Narrow is the mind indeed who fails to be influenced by the services of this week of weeks.



THERE IS A CUSTOM in some parts of Russia which is certainly beautiful. On Easter Sunday morning the members of the family go to the home of the parents and greet each other with the words "Christ is risen. Let us rejoice." Then, if during the past year some misunderstanding had arisen between one or the other, they immediately beg forgiveness and try by kindness and forbearance to atone for the past. An example to the families, great and small, of more enlightened countries.

ENTHUSIASM is one of the prime requisites for success. Neither you nor anyone associated with you in an undertaking will succeed without it. If you play ball, play with might and main. Make it your main business for the time being. If you enter any other game, perform your part with a will and encourage your fellows by word and example. There is nothing so disheartening as to know that some one is playing with one half his mind on the game and the other half flying about on the four winds of heaven. Go into your studies with enthusiasm and you will sweeten and lighten the burden considerably. Either be entirely in or entirely out.



IS IT TRUE what Prof. William Oswald, of the University of Leipsic, who has been lecturing in this country, says: "The personal interest of the students, next to their studies, is concentrated alone on sport, which draws their attention altogether from intellectual and esthetic pursuits"? Are there some grounds for this indictment? To ponder that question is surely worth our while.

It may be safely affirmed that "Where a man's heart is there is also his head". If the student's interests out of class are with athletics, he will not grow as he should in knowledge. Knowledge is not something that may be acquired in so many doses, given and received so often per day; it demands assiduous cultivation. We must live with it, grow with it, love it with eager devotion. It comes not to him who hates it, who takes it as a child takes a nauseous medicine.

The intellectual atmosphere of a college, which is held to be so favorable to the growth of knowledge that it is reckoned among the chief advantages of college life, should not be confined to the class-room, but must be all-pervading. It can be so only if the interests of the students in their studies is reflected in their conversation and general intercourse. If their real ideals are outside of the intellectual sphere, there is no atmosphere to stimulate and

quicken mental growth; no interchange of ideas to widen and deepen knowledge; no opportunity to fill up a void or to adorn the bare learning of the text-book with leaves and flowers; no living with the great men of ancient and modern times; no dwelling within the realms of literature, history and science—the result: a bare sufficiency of knowledge that is but imperfectly digested and bears little fruit.

It is not that we purpose to discourage athletics as a source of recreation. It is useful and necessary as a means of developing the body and relaxing the mind; but we wish to emphasize that the chief interests and ideals of the student lie elsewhere, and should be fostered out of the classroom as well as within.

About Reading.

THE Subject of reading is one of considerable difficulty to the student. It is admitted that he must read, for the sake of enlarging his mind as well as improving his style. But how much time is he to devote to general reading, and what is he to read? Upon a correct solution of this question will not a little depend his efficiency and standing as a student and his mental and moral progress. If he reads too much, or useless and harmful matter, reading will not be educational and uplifting, but a source of mental dissipation and deterioration.

The answer to the first question, apart from specific regulations, may undoubtedly be stated in this rule, which every student should make for himself: "Studies First." They are of primary importance, and must claim his best time and efforts. Through study he builds up the solid structure of his education, and if that is lost or disjointed or incomplete, no amount of reading will remedy the defect.

In addition to the loss of valuable time, too much reading has an effect the reverse of salutary. It clogs the mind with indigested matter, making it sluggish and inexact, and induces A HABIT OF MERE RECEPTIVITY, the most baneful a student can have.

On this point Jerome K. Jerome, the great English humorist, who like most humorists, is serious at heart, writing of the prevailing unhealthy craze for reading, says: "Books have become the modern narcotic. . . . "The young girl (and we may add, the boy), forbidden the saloon and cafe, muddles her brain with books instead of with drink. From the twenty to fifty new novels a year that she reads, it is doubtful if she obtains a single new idea, a single thought worth remembering; she reads not to think but to *save herself the trouble of thinking*.

Therefore, abstracting altogether from the question "How to read," lay down the rule, "To read sparingly." Too much reading is mental gluttony and mental dissipation, and has the same effect on the mind as the vices just mentioned have on the body.

The second question that presents itself, is: "What to read." On this point as well as on the former, we are happily not without guidance from our professors.

In general it may be said, "Read what is relevant to your studies, and avoid what is altogether extraneous." Here we will again quote a well known author and critic, Georg Brandes:

"A book which is really to instruct must embrace either a single country, or a short, definite period. One might almost say: the shorter the period, the better. The comparative narrowness of the subject does not render the book narrow. Eschew, therefore, immense general surveys! Replace them by an encyclopedia! An encyclopedia does not pretend to be individual. So if the question be asked: What should we read? I would reply: Better by far read ten books about one thing or about one man than a hundred books about a hundred different things! As soon as a person or a thing interests my reader, my advice is: Seize it, absorb yourself in it. You will learn a thousand times more by so doing than by absorbing yourself in a thousand things and people. The object widens before your gaze, and gradually expands to a whole horizon. But never begin with the horizon; you will know nothing of what you see."

A. W.

Exchanges.

THE *Abbey Student* has established an enviable record for good stories. No number arrives but has its page of fiction. We will not say that "Cornered" is the acme of the "*Student's*" efforts, but its merits are many. The February number betrayed either negligence or graft among its proof-readers. Too many aud glaring mistakes were honored with publicity.

St. John's Collegian is none of the least. Staid and earnest, it still preserves a literary atmosphere in spite of the distracting turmoil of the great city from whence it hails. The editorials are thoughtful and opportune. "Shakespeare's Iago" is simply "Shakespeare again." Well, in these cases, "least said, easiest mended" must be the ex-man's motto. True, he is unfathomable, but gems on the surface have long been common property.

As the *Chimes* testify, St. Mary's, Notre Dame, Ind, is the cradle of many aspiring poetesses. Take an example, ye men of Athens, and do not allow the maidens to scale Mt. Parnassus unattended. "Richelieu and French Letters" is interestingly and scholarly written.

Fragrant with Louisiana patriotism, the *Jefferson College Record* is a good representative of the land of Audubon. But then, this fragrance is a little too much in evidence. "The Literature of Louisiana" shows much research, and a text-book writer's diligence. "A Romance of a Dress Suit Case" and "The Pride of Beaumont" are interesting novelettes of the old style,—say, fifty years ago.

The Young Eagle came soaring through blustering March snowstorms to greet us. Excuse this ancient saw; but we had to use it again before it died. "*The Eagle*" brought with it

“Messages of March Winds”, which are delightfully fanciful and really original productions.

“To treat only of such subjects as pertain to scholastic life, interest the student and stimulate the current of college talk”—this is the moving principle of College Journalism according to the genial editor of the *St. Ignatius Collegian*. And never followed more faithfully the brood their cluck, than do the editors of the Collegian their chief. The journal breathes a fine college atmosphere and is permeated with the flavor of college life. On the side, we would inform the Collegian that we reserve a pet pigeon-hole for it every month.

The College Spokesman is undoubtedly in earnest; no bashfulness there—either in quantity or quality. The Spokesman’s ideal is elegant English, and its ideal is a high one. But a little more personal flavor is needed. “Landscape Art in Poetry” is pretentious and lengthy but full of literary interest. The story “Rawley’s Realism” partakes of the Spokesman’s inevitable bent toward heavy lengthiness. It is otherwise natural in the relating.

How many of us have gazed upon the cross of a cathedral, and not given it a second thought. But in the *Institute Echoes* for March there is a dainty poem on “The Cathedral Cross” of Duluth. “Russia” is also well written, but the subject is too general.

The St. Thomas Collegian can hold the palm of literary excellence with the best. And by the way, the years of existence of many of the college journals can be numbered by the tens, while the St. Thomas Collegian has only seen its fourth volume. Though the stories of the March number have a coloring of realism—and that the rough realism of labor—they are interesting and well-told. The subject “The Apple in Literature” seemed at first to savor of conceit; but we hardly conund a few paragraphs when we found it to have real literary value.

The Mount St. Joseph’s Collegian is a comparatively new arrival to our sanctum, and we are incapable of judging of its

average quality. Its literary standard could be higher, considering the fact that it has gone through nine volumes, and we are inclined to think that it does not quite represent the capabilities of Mt. St. Joseph's; but the editors are new to the work, since the *Collegian* has only recently resumed publication, and we are sure to meet with better literary work in the future.

Another brother has arrived, the *Pelican* of St. Joseph's College, Covington, La. He is yet a small youngster, but we are sure he will grow quickly, for he *wants* to be a man, and that is something. We are not sure that he has been very fortunate in the name they have given him, the "Pelican". He may begin to dislike it when he gets older. Our good wishes for a happy and prosperous future.

THE "*New World*" of Chicago under the editorship of Father Judge is not abating its initial vigor and enterprise. To an outsider it is not quite clear that the present situation of things in and out of Chicago calls for such thrusts and knocks as are dealt out in the editorial and other departments, but we are inclined to think that Father Judge knows the world better than we. Perhaps the atmosphere is so charged with falsehood, vice and hypocrisy, that it needs such thunderbolts to clear it. At any rate, we admire his learning and his trenchant and ready pen. He has the courage of his convictions and does not curry favors. Each issue contains much that is instructive and stimulating. That the business end of the paper is in good hands, is evidenced from the interest shown in the present voting contest for the "Free Trips to Ireland" offered by the "*New World*" to anyone securing a hundred and fifty new subscribers.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

Personal.

AS speaker for St. Joseph's Day this year, we had Rev. J. Byrne of St. Anthony's Church, Indianapolis. We are all grateful to him for his beautiful and instructive sermon, and appreciate his lively interest in the day's amusements. We hope to have the pleasure of another visit from Fr. Byrne before the lapse of many months.

Mr. Albert Mc Gill, '03, on his return from a business trip in the West, called on the many friends at his Alma Mater. Mr. Mc Gill is a traveling agent for Baumer & Co., Candle Manufacturers.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Williams of College Point, N. Y., spent a few days at the College with their sons during the Easter vacation.

Two of our young students, Robert Mecklenborg and Fred Kelly, had the happiness of receiving their First Holy Communion on Low Sunday. They had been well prepared by Fr. Ildephonse, who also preached an excellent sermon for the occasion. It was a beautiful and impressive celebration which the boys will long remember.

On April 20, the Volunteers marched over to the Indian School grove, where they had the pleasure of an address by Father George. He spoke on the benefits of military training and the great necessity of unity. It is to be hoped that the members of the company will give his remarks their full value, and profit thereby.

We also had the pleasure of entertaining the following guests: Rev. G. Horstman, Remington, Ind.; Rev. F. Jansen, Frankfort, Ind.; Rev. J. Berg, Whiting, Ind.; Rev. J. Seimetz, Reynolds, Ind. Rev. F. Koch, St. Anthony Ind.; Rev. A. Malin, C.P.P.S., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. F. Schalk, C.P.P.S., Pulaski, Ind.; Rev. B. Schuette, Niles Center, Ill.; Rev. W. Berg, Schererville, Ind.; Rev. Eisenbacher, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. E. Hickey Piqua, O.; Rev. C. Nilles, Freeport, Ill.; Mr. Carl Stoll, Remington, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Schmall, Crown Point, Ind.; Mr. C. Beeder, Crown Point, Ind.; Mr. H. Fox, Coldwater, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Bihl, Fremont, Ohio; Mr. F. Donahue, Kokomo, Ind.; Mr. A. and Mr. F. Hasser, St. Anthony, Ind.; Mr. E. Bail and Mr. E. Neumeier, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Mr. E. Braun, Warsaw, Ind.; Mr. B. Blottman, Greenville, Ohio; Miss Sophie Wiese and Miss Mary Ruppert, Reynolds, Ind.; Miss May Hanley, Muncie, Ind.; Miss Mary Selgrath, Peru, Ind.; Miss Ella Grover and Miss Mary Fitzgerald, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mr. George Kelley, Geneva, Ind.; Miss Anastasia O'Donnell, Indianapolis, Ind.

Societies.

C. L. S. In the revision and adoption of the Constitution the Columbian Society has found ample and interesting work in the last few months. Many a rule in Parliamentary Procedure that was known only by name so far, has impressed itself in the course of this curious process. As in everything else, practise is here the final test of knowledge.

The literary and dramatic programs were well given, and if "Thomas a Becket" is presented successfully we may be well satisfied with the year's work.

The program of March 11th:

Inaugural Address "Singleness of Aim"..... O. Knapke
Dramatic Recitation "Last Days of Heculaneum"..... C. Boeke.
Essay "Mary Stuart"..... E. Olberding.
Piano "Idyls of the Alps"..... A. Knapke, P. Miller.
Debate—Resolved: That the Annexation of Canada would be Benficial to the United States.....Aff. C. Kloeters, Neg. N. Allgeier.
Recitation "The Gladiator"..... R. Donnelly.
Oration "American War"..... L. Hildebrand.
Biographical Sketch "Paul Jones"..... J. Gallagher.
Song "The Rock of Ages"..... L. Faurot.
Humerous Recitation "Mr. Brown has his Hair Cut"..... E. Neumeier.

Public Program March 17th:

"Medley"..... College Orchestra.
Oration "Bishop Lewis' Spech on the Scaffold" E. Vurpillat.
Humerous Recitation "The Irish Ppilosopher"..... R. Keane.
' Courage'..... Orphean Club.
Dramatic Recitation "The Angel of Buena Vista..... F. Gribba.
Debate—Resolved: That Ireland was More Unjustly Treated than Poland.....Aff. J. Boland, Neg. V. Williams.
"Mother"..... Orphean Club.
Dramatic Recitation "Defense of Robert Lee"..... P. Graf.
Dramatic Recitation "The Tale of a Tramp"..... J. Seimetz.
"Alberto Walz"..... Orchestra.

The program of April 1st:

Oration "Selection from Cicero"..... P. Wiese.
 Humorous Recitation "The Sawyers and the Cats".....C. Pfeffer.
 Piano, 1st and 2nd Violin Trio—"Hope Told the Flattering Tale"
E. Pryor, C. Uhl and E. Neumeier.
 Dramatic Recitation "The Rising of '76".....L. Faurot.
 Debate—Resolved: That it is Advisable for the United States Govern-
 ment to Grant Immediate and Absolute Independence to the Phillipines
Aff. D. Fitzgerald, Neg. H. Grube.
 Declamation "Selling the Farm".....J. Riley.
 Piano Duet "The Mill".....A. Knapke, R. Keane.
 Biographical Sketch "Nathaniel Green".....N. Keller.
 Humorous Recitation "The Owl Critic".....W. Coffeen.

A. L. S. The Aloysians met on April 8th and elected the following officers:

President.....O. Muehlenbrink.
 Vice President.....N. Snelker.
 Secretary.....J. Donahue.
 Treasurer.....J. McCarthy.
 Editor.....U. Fox.
 Marshal.....G. Hassler.
 Executive Committee.....H. Berghoff, J. Nageleisen, J. Vurpillat.
 Librarian and Asst. Librarian.....M. Green and A. Berghoff.

Marian Sodality. On April 22nd, Conrad Stahl, Ed. Westerheide, John Quinter, John Selgrath, James Tekath, Fred Kelley, and Robert Mecklenborg were solemnly admitted into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin.

S J. C. B. Upon the resignation of N. Keller and M. Shea the duties of Major were entered upon by J. A. Sullivan and J. A. O'Donnell became Adjutant; F. Gribba took charge of Co. A, and L. Nageleisen of Co. B. We have no space for eulogies, but wish to say that the companies were very well managed and that the efforts of the officers are much appreciated.

The public drills on St. Joseph's Day were enjoyed very much. Although the exercises were short, each Company presented some new and finely executed movements. Co. A and Co. C were still intent upon precision; Co. B in a quick gait did fast and creditable work, and the young gentlemen

of Co. D with the eye and determination of big steppers measured their little distances with the greatest exactness.

Since base-ball claims the attention of many, a call was made by Capt. Pryor for Volunteers with a very satisfactory response. We sincerely wish the new Company all possible success.

St. X. G. L. S. On Sunday, April 22nd, the rare pleasure was open to all to attend the finest program ever presented by the Xaviers. Besides the excellent recitations delivered and a musical farce never more entertaining, a short comedy was enacted with equal success, surpassing in fact, all their former efforts of the like on our stage. The entire program follows:

March "Henry".....College Band.
 Anrede "Die Katholische Epik der Neuzeit".....O. Knapke.
 Dramatischer Vortrag "Lucifer im Mittelpunkt der Erde"....I. Collins.
 Deklamation "Schwertlied".....P. Koenn.
 Singstueck "Schuster und Poet" E. Spornhauer, F. Lippert, I. Collins.
 Aufsatz "Prinz Eugen von Savoyen".....A. Scherrib.
 Tragoedisches Gedicht "Der Scharfrichter".....P. Termer,
 "Children's Arbor Day".....College Band.
 Posse "Wurst wider Wurst." Fassbinder, E. Olberding; Sein Geselle,
 F. Lippert; Zwei Juden, H. Grube, F. Schaeper.

Oratory Contest. One of the most enjoyable events of the year was the Oratory Contest of the Senior Class, held in the Gymnasium Hall, St. Joseph's Day, March the 19th. To the faculty and visitors and students it was a genuine treat. All proved themselves graceful and forceful speakers, and some rose to heights of real eloquence. The excellence of the compositions was another surprise.

The prize was landed by Victor Meagher with his oration "Uncrowned Heroes", which he spoke with great feeling and much fervor. Maurice Ehleringer, with a Eulogy of Pius IX., took second place.

The judges were Rev. Anselm Schmidt, Rev. Thomas Meyer, Rev. Wm. Berg; Rev. Jos. Byrne, Fathers George and Ildephonse.

Oratory Contest of Senior Class. (March 19th, '06.)

Names of Contestants.	Composition.						Delivery.						Total and Final Ranks.	
	I	II	III	I	II	III	I	II	III	I	II	III		
M. Ehleringer.....	2	88	2	85	4	93	1	90	2	97	2	95	13	2
O. Knapke.....	2	98	3	80	6	90	4	84	3	96	7	90	25	5
V. Meagher.....	1	99	2	85	1	97	2	86	1	98	4	93	11	1
J. Becker.....	4	95	4	75	7	87	8	78	9	88	6	91	38	7
Ed. Pryor.....	3	96	3	80	2	96	7	79	8	90	3	94	26	6
M. Helmig.....	1	99	4	75	6	90	6	82	5	94	1	96	23	4
M. Shea.....	5	94	1	88	3	95	3	85	6	93	5	92	23	4
B. Wellman.....	2	98	3	80	5	92	5	83	7	92	4	93	26	6
C. Frericks... ..	2	98	4	75	6	90	4	84	4	95	2	95	22	3

New Books.

"Her Blind Folly." Benzinger Bros. Price, \$1.25.

This novel, written by H. M. Ross, possesses many elements to sway the mind and win the sympathy of the reader. Dealing with a phase in life which is not altogether strange nor improbable, the story holds the attention firmly to the end.

We like the book not only because it is intensely captivating, but more so on account of the delightful and wholesome effect that its perusal produces. It contains no lengthy descriptions to tire us. Facts entertain and appal without interruption, until the problem is fully and satisfactorily solved.

B. W., '06.

"Round the World." Vol. I. 109 Illustrations. Benzinger Bros. 85 cts.

Anyone desirous of enlarging his library with a book possessing topics of general interest, should not fail to procure the "Round the World" series. It treats of a variety of different subjects and in so pleasing a manner as to possess absorbing interest for parents as well as children. The illustrations accompanying each article are excellent and alone make the book well worth the buying.

"Patron Saints for Catholic Youth," by Mary E. Mannix. Benzinger Bros. Price, 50 cents.

This volume is worthy of the title it bears, and of much

credit to the author. It gives an account of the lives of four Saints of both sexes, and with their wonderful lives appropriately tells of some miracles wrought through their intercession. In a pleasing manner it suggests the lessons drawn from the lives and miracles. There are, above all, two points for which this book deserves special recommendation.

The "Lives" of the Saints depicted especially appeal to the Youth in this that they represent the different vocations, how attained, and how fulfilled. The saints traveled on widely different paths but arrived at the same terminus, heaven. The reasonable and credible miracles related, must inspire confidence and great love in the youthful heart, after having selected one of these Saints as a patron and model for life. For these two reasons we feel assured that the volume will produce manifold fruits if placed in the hands of children; in fact, we cannot think of better reading matter for them than a book like this one. J. B., '06.

"The Mystery of Hornby Hall," by Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Bros. Price, 85 cents.

From start to finish there is such intensity of interest in the story as to urge the reader on to its solution. The mystery is at its height when Mr. Morton and the boys visit the Long Barn, in order to find the lost will of Philip Pemberton. Here they encounter the greatest difficulties on account of the wild and determined efforts of the Argus-eyed Mrs. Miles, a woman, who had learned to see "that there is no other world and no God." Being thwarted in her first efforts she plays a comedy and grows desperate, but to no avail. Mr. Morton gains the victory, Mary Pemberton is liberated from her gloomy prison, Hornby Hall.

The Mayfair boys and girls are a charming circle of young people, in whose company every reader, young or old, will love to linger, and in whose youthful sports he will wish again to partake. In one word, the simplicity of the narrative and the interest in its plot, throws light on all the darkness which enshrouds Hornby Hall. H. J. G., '07.

Athletics.

ON March 3., the College Basket Ball team with several subs in the game met defeat at the hands of Co. M of Rensselaer at the latter's armory. Our players being accustomed to a large hall, were unable to shoot with accuracy, owing to the low ceiling. The work of the College guards was brilliant. Dobbins threw five of Co. M's goals. Score Co. M. 13. S. J. C. 1. Referee, Sullivan. Positions: S. J. C. Gallagher, Pfeffer, forwards, Gribba, center; Bryan, Vonder Haar, guards. Co. M. Dobbins, Cohen, forwards, Woodworth, center; Timmons, Comer, guards.

The second team under Capt. Pierce had no difficulty in defeating Co. M's. second team on March 18 by a score of 26 to 2. They repeated the trick March 30. winning 26 to 6. The work of Pierce, Donahue and Graf was conspicuous.

We finished the Basket Ball season in a becoming manner by defeating Co. M. in the gym on March 16., by a score of 17 to 12. In the first half S. J. C. played well on defence, but displayed a lack of team work on offense. The half ended with the score in Co. M's favor, 6—1. In the second, mainly through the individual work of Nageleisen and the guards, we scored 16 points to Co. M's., 6 and won out.

S. J. C. Nageleisen, Pierce, forwards; Gribba, center; Bryan, Gerber, guards.

Co. M. Dobbins, Cohen, forwards; Woodworth, center; Comer, Chesnuts, guards.

Referee, Weal; Umpire, Sullivan.

Base-Ball.

St. Joseph's opened its schedule April 22., with Co. M of Rensselaer and won 7—2. Hasser, the new addition to the pitching staff officiated in the box for five innings, and Shea for three. Both were in great form, and the soldiers

failed to secure even the semblance of a hit, scoring both runs on errors. Nageleisen and Algeier were out of the game, but their places were well taken care of by subs. Sullivan carried off the batting honors, securing three hits. Gallagher's playing at short was a feature. But eight innings were played. The summary:

S. J. C.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Co. M.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Schnelker 1B.	5	1	0	6	0	0	Dobbins P.	4	1	0	2	3	0
Gallagher SS.	3	1	1	0	1	0	Horner RF.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan C.	4	2	3	15	5	2	Lowe C.	4	0	0	7	6	2
Faurote CF.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Parcels SS	3	0	0	0	0	1
Graf 3B.	1	1	0	2	0	3	Woodw'th 1B.	3	0	0	9	0	1
Seimetz RF.	4	1	0	0	0	0	Morgan 2B.	1	1	0	3	2	0
Fitzgerald 2B.	2	0	0	1	2	0	Kefner CF.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Pierce LF.	4	1	1	0	0	0	McFarland 3B.	2	0	0	0	0	1
Hasser P.	2	0	1	0	0	0	Gerber LF.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Shea P.	1	0	1	0	0	0	Total	26	2	0	21	11	5
Total	30	7	7	24	8	5							

Two base hit—Sullivan. Double play—Dobbins to Woodworth. Stolen bases —Sullivan, Hasser, Fitzgerald, Faurote 2, Shea, Dobbins, Parcels, Mc Farland. Bases on balls —Off Hasser 2; off Shea 1; off Dobbins 7. Struck out—by Hasser 10; by Shea 7; by Dobbins 12. Left on bases S.J.C. 7 Co. M 5. Time of game 1:35. Umpire—E. Freiburger.

Mgr. Vurphillat has not completed his schedule, as the arrangement of several games are in suspense. When completed it will call for about fifteen games.

The team is very much indebted to Messrs. A. Mc Gill, H. Muehler, and J. Naughton for financial assistance.

On Apr. 22. the base ball team appeared in new stockings and caps. The stockings are maroon in color, and the caps, pearl gray with maroon trimings. They are the gift of the Rev. President.

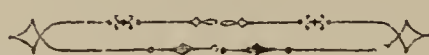
E. Freiburger has reorganized the Victors and presents the following strong line-up: E. Freiburger, R. Keane, p and 1b; J. Wiese, 2b; W. Franze, 3b; E. Bickel, ss; J. Seimetz, lf; C. Pfeffer, cf; and J. Vurpillat, rf. They have shown their metal in several practice games with the Reps.

The Crescents have also reorganized under the captain-

cy of V. Williams. They defeated Capt. McCarthy's Bingers, 10—1 on Apr. 27.

The spring weather aroused the tennis enthusiasts, and the club has reorganized with J. Bryan, Pres.; & N. Keller, Treas. The courts have been put in order, and new sets given to the club by Father Bartholomew.

M. F. S.



Commencement.

THE Commencement Exercises will be held June 19th. There will be a large number of graduates. This being the fifteenth year of the existence of the College, and the tenth commencement, special efforts will be made to provide a worthy celebration. Father Delaney, pastor of St. Patricks Ft. Wayne, will deliver the baccalaureate address.

A preliminary celebration will be held the day before, and in the evening, June 18th, the Columbian Literary Society will present the splendid drama, Thomas a Becket, arranged from Tennyson's famous play by Father Guggenberger, S. J. The play deals with the historic struggle of Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, with King Henry II., for the freedom of the Church. Victor Meagher, '06, will enact the title role, and Maurice Ehleringer that of King Henry. The play will be presented with fine costumes and scenery, several new scenes having been purchased in addition to those on the new stage.

We desire all our friends to attend, especially the Alumni, this being a special occasion for them. The Alumni Association will meet on the day of Commencement, or the day previous.

Pleasantries.

A GOOD joke illumines the imagination like a flying meteor; it falls and is buried in the valley of sobriety.

P. Miller, '08.

All play and no work makes Ed a wise guy.

McCarthy at 5.45 the morning after reading Macbeth:
"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more! William hath murdered sleep, and therefore Johnnie shall sleep no more, Mc Carthy shall sleep no more'."

"What's the use to be writin' and writin' stories when none of them are accepted."

Fitz: Hit it, "Boilermaker"!

Rooters: It's a wonder, Maggie wouldn't talk a little more while playing.

Players: I wish the Religious could play.

Pfeffer and Gallagher are both going to sign with the Bonville team this summer, so that vacation will not separate them.

Gallagher is now out looking for sapsuckers, for he has taken to "Birdology".

The Robin.

THERE upon the hemlock roosting
Sits the Robin,
Aye, the Robin.
World defying, loudly boasting,
Laughing, chirping, cowards roasting,
Mocking, singing, poets toasting,
Sits the Robin,
Aye, the Robin.

Max. H.

Our Car-shops are sadly in want of some paint. They feel slighted, as everything else presents a neat appearance.

We cannot withhold from our readers the following specimen of a modern epic:

A Tale of Small Creatures.

Once within a monastery kitchen
Where the meals are made and eaten,
Whilst a brother sat a-sleeping,
Chanced a happening ne'er forgotten.

There within a moldering cupboard
Lay a pointed fork and cutter,
Loudly talking, brave disputing,
Mad responding, hard debating,
Hot, excited, stout contending,
Which of them was more the useful.
And the talk that here was wasted,
Troubled e'en the sleeping brother;
For whene'er a point was wafted
Brother dear would nod consenting.
'Thus the wrangling did continue
While the hooded sulphur matches
Lying side by side were laughing,
Laughing at the foolish talking.

Finally the fire lessened,
List! the wooden clock is ticking;
But the two were still debating,
Just to see who's more the useful;
Soundly sleeping was the brother,
Moving now and then while snoring.
Snoring also was the kettle
Snoring? no, 'twas rather singing,
Singing was the water kettle
As it stood upon the oven,
On the empty, cooling oven.

Loud and louder grew the singing,
Louder also came the snoring
From the brother who was sleeping.
Loud and louder came the noises,
Louder came the laugh of matches.
Now and then was heard the talking
Of the fork and knife debating,
Till at last their strife was finished.
Naught was heard of their debating,
Naught was heard of their responding,
For to sleep they both had fallen.

Twelve the tower-clock was striking
 Naught was seen of sleeping brother,
 Naught was heard then of his snoring—
 He had left for matin hour.
 Not a sound was then a-stirring
 In the monastery kitchen.
 But a mouse was vainly tugging
 At a nasty, noisy cracker.
 Still the knife and fork were sleeping,
 Weakened by the useless prattling.
 All were sleeping, soundly sleeping,
 Save the owl in yonder corner,
 Gazing dull into the darkness,
 Deep did think of what had happened.

“O, you little tiny nothings,
 Better be a-sleeping, resting,
 Lest if you should be too noisy
 Someone yet be still more noisy;
 And as naught would drown your talking,
 For your voice is far too tiny;
 And besides, this sacred kitchen
 Is no place for public talking.
 Let your talking be as silent,
 Be as silent as the sleeping—”

Thus the owl philosophized.

“Max—, '08”.

Moral—Little folks should not make so much racket with the mouth.

How to obtain plenty of hair, consult Seimetz;
 How to get gray hair, consult Sullivan;
 How to lose your hair, ask O'Donnell;
 How to get bald, ask Vurpillat.

Gnibba at times rises far above the common atmosphere
 of things: he has taken to vaulting.

Sullivan's Ode to Geometry.

An ode to Geometry I'll sing,
 It's a lovely study;
 It's as clear as a cool spring,
 When said cool spring is muddy.

Don't read the latest joke books, listen to Koper “bing.”

If Sim can eat three quarters of a pie which he does
 not like, what could he do to a whole pie for which he has
 an appetite?

Vivat our brave dog Rex! It is with a breaking heart that General Waldi has to mourn the death of his Emperor, Rex the Great, the first of the bespangled dynasty. His was a short, happy, and illustrious reign. He retired all his older generals on pay, whence his death, for Sport and the newer chiefs being incapable, the feline family so multiplied that their audacity at serenading caused the good Rex to take a leaden pill and transmit himself to the land of his predecessors.

Collegeville is booming. It is no longer the cliff in the marshes around which the croaking concert of water-fowls resounds, but the sweet strains of its orchestra and military band are borne along the streets and avenues by the gentle zephyrs, like the limpid cadences of the nightingale.

What is a friend?

A fellow who

When you are broke

Will lend you dough.

What is a foe?

A fellow who

When you are flush

Will help to break you.

Since time immemorial persons have lost themselves in the mazes of Collegeville. That no one attending the exercises next month may have a similar fate, a map of the city has been drawn; it is on file at the Government Building. Anyone wishing to inspect our subways, suburbs, underground connections, factories and business concerns will call at the powerhouse for a license and guide. We would especially invite people from smaller places, as Chicago, to visit our emporium and see how beautifully things work on the plan of Municipal Ownership.

What kind of a Pole is the North-pole?

Paul Wiese: It's no Fish Pole, no Grease Pole, no Vaulting Pole, no Bean Pole, no May Pole; he is not my countryman, he is no Pole at all.